AMERICANS IN EUROPE

Nations Across the Waters Getting Better Acquainted With Each Other.

By RUDOLPH DE ZAPP.

Now that the summer season has come to an end and pleasure and health and foreign-titled son-in-law-seeking Americans and others have again come back home from abroad, where they left millions of American dollars, Europe is sobering up from the mad whirligig and taking stock and counting the American gold which their open-handed cousins from across the sea so lavishly spent.

It is evident, judging from reports reaching here from abroad, that American influence in Europe is not only on the steady increase, but is overshadowing and forcing into the background that of any other country, and especially is this the case in Germany, where Americans are scrutinized with true Teutonic thoroughness and subjected to searching observation and criticism.

One of the conclusions arrived at by one of the most prominent semi-official daily newspapers of the German capital is that it is on the Continent that one must study the wandering American. There is more of him and his smartly dressed womankind in Paris than in London, and more, for the size of the city, in Berlin than in Paris. No matter where you go, continues the publicist, you find him before you, amazingly cool, magnificently confident, and sublimely unconscious—to all outward seeming at any rate—of the attention he attracts. Hardly have you stepped on board your train when you hear him inquiring about his seat; no matter how quickly you enter, you find his portmanteau, with its mosaic of multi-colored hotel labels almost completely hiding its original covering, on the best seat.

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His ubiquity impresses you, says the German, and compels your admiration. His sang froid is in striking contrast to the manner of the average Englishman abroad. The true Englishman is never at home on the Continent; it is too full of "foreigners." The American is the Bedouin of civilization, at home and at ease everywhere. And the more you see of him the more congenial do you find him. At places where notices refer to "visitors and Americans" the reason for making a distinction is obvious. There is a difference. The "visitors" march solemnly about; the "Americans" do the place in couples, one reading from his guide book, the other snapping his camera.

"I climbed to the top of Notre Dame in Paris," writes the newspaper man, "and found there a party from across the Atlantic enjoying lunch. The day was hot, and a young man in the group offered me a refreshing drink. At the top of the lacework in marble, which is the spire of Milan Cathedral, three English-speaking men met accidentally—an American, an English clergyman, and myself. He who hailed from the land of the Stars and Stripes offered me his field glass; the other did not even return our good-morning salutation. In a beer garden at Lucerne I followed the custom of the continent and asked permission before sitting at a table of those already seated there. The only one who did not raise his hat and reply was an Englishman, and the only one to make excuses for him was a young man who prefixed his words with 'I guess.'

"At Ostend the usual crowd of cameraists dodged about between the bathing machines. One of the bathers, with his kodak on his head to keep it dry, watched the efforts of others for a while to snapshot a daringly attired French woman; then he coolly asked her to pose on the steps of her bathing machine for him. She did, with the remark, 'You droll Americans.'

"About half a dozen of the tourists, representing nearly as many nationalities, stood at one of the finest parts of the Giessbach cascades in Switzerland and expressed a desire to see a huge log go bounding down the torrent. Instantly an American in the party climbed over the parapet, and, standing on the edge of the precipice, took three of the largest logs from the pile kept there for the purpose and tossed them into the seething cataract. Where he stood, the throw had to be careful in the extreme; overbalancing would have been fatal.

"In Venice, whenever the party was in the Piazza San Marco fair Americans were busy kodaking one another with half a dozen pigeons perched on their arms and shoulders. At night in the cosmopolitan crowd of promenaders round the band stand in the famous square one beautiful woman wore evening dress. She came from America. American women wear evening dress everywhere, according to foreign observations—even in the mountain villages of Switzerland, where they find to their cost that the hottest days are followed by cold nights. American women 'do' the sights of Paris with startling thoroughness. They may be seen in the Olympic bar after midnight."

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Visitors from the United States to the Kaiser's capital ran things to suit themselves this year at that place. One of the show places of Berlin, the Adlon, "the Kaiser's own," Germany's most fashionable hotel, and most popular with Americans, was crowded during June and July with over 2,000 citizens of the United States. The Adlon being a repositary of the sculptor's, the artist's, the bronze worker's, the electrician's, and architect's art and latest accomplishments, Uncle Sam's children, with true American desire to see and learn, were engaged at this place day after day from morning till night admiring and kodaking the celebrated Goethe's bust in the Goethe Garden attached to the Adlon, the gigantic Chinese bronzes of untold value, the magnificent elephant pagoda, patinated dragon vases and candelabra five centuries old, the golden capitaled Calacatta pillars and columns, the Hercules Fountain, and other priceless attractions. They were pointed out the apartments Ambassador Hill occupied and the enormous hall where the Americans of Berlin celebrate their Fourth of July.

English music is not often heard abroad, but Sousa everywhere. Volendam, on the Zuyder Zee in Holland, is off the map as far as the ordinary tourist is concerned. It is not easy to find, and only artists go there—artists and Americans. The Continent, the conclusion is, is less vivacious where the American is not.

It is a well-known fact that the Kaiser himself has the greatest admiration for everything American and would make a visit here if matters could be arranged satisfactorily. As the Emperor left the American Embassy not long ago he was asked by an American if he expected to visit the United States. The Emperor answered: "I certainly would gladly visit the United States, not as an Emperor, but as a private gentleman; not for a fortnight, like a globe-trotter, but for at least three months. But who would replace me meanwhile?"

The Kaiser is always frank and does not hesitate to say that American dentists are far better than those of his own realm. One of his best friends is his American dentist, who lives in a magnificent mansion near the Thiergarten, in Berlin. When the Kaiser wants his teeth attended to he never sends for his American dentist to come to him, but goes himself to the dentist's house on foot, with only one attendant, and walks in so quietly that the neighborhood often does not know he is there. The Emperor has loaded the doctor down with gifts and favors. The King of Saxony has his American dentist, and so have other German rulers.

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Emperor William has not by any means abandoned the idea of sending one of his sons to be enrolled as a student at one of America's greatest and best-known universities, which action should not surprise in view of the monarch's well-known partiality for things American. The Kaiser has in mind his fifth son, Prince Oscar Charles, who is twenty-one years old and a graduate of the University of Bonn, where he was a member of the aristocratic "Borussia" corps, to which the crown prince also belonged, as well as his father, the Emperor himself, when attending the university. Prince Oscar is tall and fair, and was very popular among the members of his corps. Like all his brothers, he has been brought up according to his father's ideas, to lead a simple life, and perform hard work, and to observe that strict devotion to duty which the Emperor thinks is incumbent on a German prince.

American newspapers and what they have to say has always proved of the most intense interest to Emperor William, as he is more anxious to have his policies approved of by the American people than any other nation on earth. The Kaiser's coffee table is supplied every morning with three big sheets of writing paper on which are pasted such extracts from all the morning papers of Germany as it is supposed he would want to read. In addition, he gets one daily each from New York, Vienna, London, and Paris, and all the comic papers. He invariably picks up the American paper and glances over it carefully before he gives his attention to other news and reading matter.

American cooking is held in such high esteem by the Crown Princess Cecilie of Germany that she made her chef take a course at the Adlon, at Berlin, whose "cordon bleu" is celebrated, and whose proprietor, Louis Adlon, has made a number of visits to the principal hotels of this country for the sole purpose of studying American cookery and introducing the same at the Adlon, the American hotel par excellence of Europe. After having absolved his studies at the Adlon, the chef of the crown princess was sent to this country, where he made observations at one of New York's best-known hostelries, whose cuisine is most favorably known here as well as baroad. Pies and cakes according to the manner of the United States received his special attention, and he also investigated the genesis of buckwheat cakes and flapjacks. Above all, the wizard of the saucepan informed himself thoroughly on all the American methods of preparing oysters and clams. Oysters can be obtained on the other side, but if clams are served they have to be brought from the markets of New York. Chicken a la Maryland was an old story with him. He knew all about that, and also that it is appropriately served with "green corn cakes," but was anxious to take under advisement any other recipes which were novel to him and strictly American.

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"I will not see it, for I am an old man, but my grandchildren will see the United States leading the world in music." Joachim, the violinist, uttered this prediction three years ago. He was giving his opinion of the comparative musical ability of different nations. Naturally he placed the Germans first and the Hungarians and Russians next, their creative work being lower, but their execution quite as good as that of the Germans. Then, in Joachim's rating, come the French, Italians, Poles, Bohemians, Norwegians, and English. "But where do you rank the Americans?" asked the friend to which the great violinist was speaking. "Ah! the Americans," exclaimed Joachim. Then, after a pause, he went on: "I have been thinking only of Europeans. The Americans are in a class by themselves in music. They have done nothing yet, but, believe me, in that country of unlimited possibilities I can distinctly foresee their musical supremacy."

In this connection I wish to add that there are now in Berlin more than 600 American students, almost half of them women. Nearly 175 are studying music, instrumental or vocal, the violin being the principal instrument. The university, the technical Charlottenburg, the mining and chemical schools are pappered all over with young Americans. In the other university towns, notably Munich, Leipzig, and Wuerzburg, there is a strong American contingent, numbering about 700, engaged chiefly in the study of theology, philosophy, and philology, and giving an admirable account of themselves.

The professors of the Charlottenburg school, German's most prominent technical school, regard the Americans and Russians as their most industrious students, and think that, while the American is probably not as brilliant as the Russian, he has more staying powers and the ability to turn what he knows to more practical account.

Discussing the increasing Teutonic influence on the United States, Medill McCormick, publisher of the Chicago Tribune, recently said in part: "We not only exchange professors with German universities; we import historians, psychologists, and chemists for our best chairs. Whereas a generation ago we looked to Oxford and Cambridge for inspiration, now we turn to Heidelberg and Leipzig."

The German Emperor is not only the bearer of honorary degrees from a number of American universities, but he has been elected an honorary member of the American Cross of Honor, of the Illinois Athletic Club, of the German Rifle Society of Charleston, S. C., and other organizations.

THE WIDOW.

Chats on "Sentimental Topers."

BY HELEN ROWLAND.

"I suppose you know what you are doing?" remarked the Bachelor, reproachfully, as he dropped into the seat just vacated by young Teddy Hemingway in the dimmest corner of the conservatory, "when you flirt with a boy like that."

The Widow pulled her filmy draperies about her and bit the stem of a rose petulantly.

"I suppose you know what you are doing," she pouted, "when you drink an absinthe frappe—but you keep on doing it just the same."

"Because—I can't help it," replied the Bachelor sternly.

"Neither can I," retorted the Widow. "It's an inherited tendency—born in me——"

"And cultivated from early youth, until it has become a 'habit,'" sighed the Bachelor. "You are a toper!"

"A—what, Mr. Travers?" The Widow dropped her rose and sat up with a shocked expression.

"A sentimental toper," repeated the Bachelor. "A modern vampire! That old-fashioned idea that a vampire was a woman who absorbed a man's life-blood and killed his soul is obsolete. Your up-to-date vampire is one that feeds on his emotions and his sentiment; a woman with an insatiable appetite for devotion and a burning thirst for constant flirtations——"

"Oh, dear!" broke in the Widow, with a dainty shudder. "Am I as horrid as that? And isn't it a wonder that I don't starve to death, or become emaciated, if I feed on masculine emotions and sentiment? Nonsense, Mr. Travers! We dreadful creatures just take you and your devotion and flirtations as a side-dish, or a stimulant, as you do your absinthe. 'Man cannot live by bread alone,' you know—and neither can women. We need something stronger now and then to—to buoy us up."

"Yes, 'now and then,'" agreed the Bachelor. "But sentimental excesses are as bad for the system as any other kind. You grow to depend on your daily draught of flirtation, just as I depend on my cocktail before dinner. It gets to be a habit."

"You ought to know all about it," murmured the Widow sweetly.

"It's just like the alcohol habit," continued the Bachelor, ignoring the interruption. "At first, one cocktail or one love affair will go to your head and make you perfectly giddy, but after awhile it requires a whole lot of them to make life worth living. The sentimental vampire has half a dozen bottled hearts all uncorked at the same time!"

"But," protested the Widow, looking up sidewise with her rose against her cheek, "men are always so willing to unbottle their hearts and uncork their pretty speeches and go through with their little ready-made tricks——"

"Their—what?" interrupted the Bachelor.

"Their 'property' heart-to-heart glances and sentimental scenic effects and things," explained the Widow. "It's such a temptation to see if you can make them do it every time. It's not really a flirtation, you know; it's just a matter of research——"

"Or of gorging your vanity," put in the Bachelor.

"And keeping in practice," agreed the Widow. "Besides, you always hope against hope that each one will do or say something new, that will give you a real thrill. But they are all as monotonously alike," she added with a sigh, "as the wine of the 60-cent tables d'hote. Still, you can't help continuing to experiment. You get a sort of explorer's fever; and you are just as anxious to discover a new flavor of kiss or an original form of love-making as Peary was to discover the north pole. If a man should make love to me in a new way, I think I should nail a flag on him and go about waving it in triumph!"

"Perhaps," suggested the Bachelor, "you have lost your sense of distinction. A woman goes on stimulating her vanity and her sentimental nature until she can't tell one flavor of love-making from another, you know."

"And a man," rejoined the Widow promptly, "goes on making love promiscuously until he can't tell one woman from another. Sentimental 'toping' does deaden the sensibilities and spoil the taste for love."

"Then let's give it up!" suggested the Bachelor brightly. "Let's swear off!"

"All—right," agreed the Widow, doubtfully. "But—not to-night."

"Not to-night!" acquiesced the Bachelor, leaning toward her suddenly with a world of meaning in his eyes, "we'll take——"

"Punch, sir?" inquired a waiter suddenly appearing from behind a palm.

"Just one more!" said the Bachelor, as he handed the Widow a sparkling glass.

COLUMBUS.

When first Columbus found this Western World,
And at San Salvador his canvas furled—
While gladly bidding that fair island hail—
He drew aside, magician-like, the veil
That erst had hid the Old World from the New,
And one he made forevermore the two.
Four hundred years, and o'er, have passed away,
And mark the splendid New World of to-day!
What grander prize could mortal man have won?
What greater deed could mortal man have done?
Columbia in her grandeur tells the tale,
And from her throne now bids Columbus hail—
The deathless hero of the hemisphere—
The Western Sea's immortal pioneer.

Columbus sailed through darkness into light,
Yet lived and died in nigh Cimmerian night,
For, though he gave the New World to the Old,
He never heard its wondrous story told.
To him 'twas Asie—not a country new—
That burst, where'er he voyaged, on his view.
He sought a western passage to Cathay,
But found a prize far grander on his way—
The richest prize that e'er the sea revealed.
'Twas strange the truth to eyes like his was sealed.
But none the less the boon to man has been—
Save the doomed Indian—and the world has seen
No grander growth than this our New World shows.
How great the debt the world Columbus owes!
He paved the way to empire in the West,
And now behold him by the world caressed!
America illuminates his name.
Columbia consecrates anew his fame,
And glorifies the hero of the Sea,
Who sowed the seed of harvests yet to be;
And ne'er again will deed like his be done—
The deed by which immortal fame was won;
For now no continent remains unknown
To add fresh wealth and glory to a throne.
What inspiration led him thus to steer
And open to the world a hemisphere?
What happy chance, combined with skilled design,
As if the guide had been a Hand Divine?

Columbus greater, grander, nobler seems
As Time upon his mem'ry brightly beams,
And more and more, colossal and unique,
He through the ages seems to us to speak.
His figure through the deep perspective looms,
And Fame his name with glowing light illumes.
Intrepid searcher of the Western Sea
He—in his glory—lives eternally,
And all the nations glorify his deed
And harvests gather where he planted seed.
Momentous deed! The birth of Christ alone
Surpasses that which made this New World known.
—Kinahan Cornwallis.

MORNING CHIT-CHAT.

Ruth Cameron.

"Please write to your girls and tell them to think a very long while before they refuse the good home a good man offers them, simply because they do not love him," wrote a bachelor girl.

"Ten years ago," she went on, "I refused a thoroughly eligible man who wanted to marry me, because I did not love him and I thought I would be happier to keep on with my work than to marry a man unless I loved him with all my heart.

"And now I am an old maid and I know I have made a mistake. My father and mother are dead and my two sisters are married. They love me, of course, but I am not by any means a necessity to them. I am always welcome in their homes, but I cannot help feeling that I do not belong.

"I have a host of friends that sometimes seem sufficient, but every once in awhile it comes over me that they are only friends; that while they are necessary to my happiness, I am only incidental to theirs—not a comforting thought.

"When I am working I am usually pretty happy, but one cannot work all the time. I tried it once, so I know. And into the chinks between all the pleasures and all the work you can possibly put into your life, the bitterly empty moments are sure to creep.

"Of course, I do not positively know, but I am as sure as I want to be that I would have been infinitely happier in making a home for that thoroughly good man whom I liked and respected and who loved me than I am now.

"Please tell your girls not to follow my example."

I wouldn't dare say quite that to my girls, but I do ask them to at least think over her experience.

To marry the man she loves with all her heart is undoubtedly the best thing that can happen to any woman.

But unfortunately the chance to do that does not come to every woman, and isn't it possible that to marry a good man who loves her and whom she likes and respects may be a better thing for some women than never to marry at all?

Mind you, I don't say for every woman. I think it is a good deal a matter of temperament. For the very emotional woman, for instance, such a course would be dangerous. If such a woman were tied to a man she didn't love she would be pretty apt to come to hate him.

But for the woman who is essentially a mother-woman, a home-maker, and a home lover, there may lie great happiness along this path.

"I don't think any woman ought to marry a man unless she felt she simply could not live without him," said a very intense young woman to me once.

That is all very well for her type of woman.

But there are other types.

There are so many considerations that enter into a matter like that—how much the woman likes the man, his circumstances, his disposition, her circumstances, and a hundred other things—that I cannot say outright that I should advise any woman who is considering the subject to marry a man she did not love. But I can say that I should advise any woman, especially any woman over twenty-five, to look well to the future, reckon fully her chances of meeting the right man, ponder carefully on her ability to stand being alone and not "belonging," before she says to the good man who loves her,

"I cannot marry you because I do not love you." RUTH CAMERON.

THIEF HAS THE JOKE.

Takes Horse of Man Celebrating Suppression of Dishonesty.

East St. Louis, Ill., Oct. 16.—While the Cahokia Horse Thief Detective Association was holding a celebration of the eradication of horse stealing in its territory a thief with a fine sense of humor rode away on the horse of Vital Bennett, president of the association.

When the party broke up and started homeward the president's steed was missing. At last he was forced to walk home. He reported the theft to the East St. Louis authorities, but the humor of the situation drove away his wrath, and he told the authorities he was very doubtful if he would prosecute should the thief be captured.

How He Won Her.

From the Kansas City Journal.

Miss Newwoman—Don't you think I was meant for a business woman?

Jack Hustler—No, I don't. I think you were meant for a business man.

A FINE GIFT.

School Laboratory in Memory of the Late John W. Mackay.

Virginia, Nev., Oct. 16.—Virginia is now the proud possessor of one of the finest high school laboratories in the State. The laboratory has been built in the Fourth Ward High School building overlooking the famous lode, whose existence has made possible the building of palaces, steamship lines, ocean cables, and telegraph lines that span a continent.

It stands as a living monument to the memory of John W. Mackay, being the gift of his son, Clarence H. Mackay, who in the busy rush of Eastern life was not unmindful of his father's old home.

Grapevine 120 Years Old.

San Gabriel, Cal., Oct. 16.—The largest grapevine in the world is 120 years old. It was planted here by Franciscan friars. The stalk is one and one-half feet in diameter, eight feet high, and the branches and foliage cover 5,000 square feet. Its average crop of grapes is two and one-half tons yearly.

LATEST FASHIONS.

2989, 2560

TWO SIMPLE DESIGNS FOR CHILDREN.

Paris Patterns Nos. 2989, 2560

All Seams Allowed.

Never have the designers turned out prettier clothes for the little ones of the family. The girl's dress is especially smart. It is made with a broad tuck over the shoulders, which is graduated toward the waistline and stitched its entire length, this tuck meeting the tuck at either side of the skirt, in the front, and giving the effect of a semi-princess dress. The skirt is attached to the waist under a narrow belt of the material, and if desired, may be made with low neck and short sleeves. The pattern is in 5 sizes—6 to 14 years. For a girl of 10 years the dress requires 4½ yards of material 24 inches wide, 3¾ yards 27 inches wide, 2¾ yards 36 inches wide, or 2⅝ yards 42 inches wide.

The blouse of this jaunty little boy's suit, which is adaptable to serge, flannel, pique, duck or heavy linen, is made up in the regulation navy style, which has long seamless shoulders, and is slipped on over the head. The removable shield—which is nearly always made of white linen, regardless of the material of the suit—and the left sleeve are embroidered in colors, and the tie is always of black silk. The full knickerbockers are gathered about the knees with elastic, which is run through the hem-casing. The sleeves are plaited to cuff depth and finished with narrow wristbands. The pattern is in 5 sizes—4 to 12 years. For a boy of 8 years the suit requires 4 yards of material 27 inches wide, 2¾ yards 36 inches wide, or 1⅞ yards 54 inches wide.

Washington Herald Pattern Coupon.

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Fill out the numbered coupon and cut out pattern, and inclose with 10c in stamps or coin, addressed to Pattern Department, Washington Herald, Washington, D. C.

FAMOUS SONGS AND THEIR HISTORY

No. 15.

"ANNIE LAUR'E."

JOHN DOUGLAS OF FINGALL.

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gi'ed me her promise true,
Gi'ed me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot shall be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doun an' dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest,
That e'er the sun shone on;
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doun an' dee.

Like dew on th' gowan lying,
Is th' fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet;
Her voice is slow and sweet;
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doun an' dee.

Probably few of us in America would ever have heard of Maxwelton had not John Douglas, of Fingall, had his little love affair with Annie Laurie, and spoke so feelingly of its "bonnie braes" and his sweetheart, "the fairest that e'er the sun shone on." This little love affair of the Fingall youth has been turned into one of the prettiest sentimental songs in the English language, and although written considerably more than 100 years ago, it is still sung everywhere, and its popularity is no doubt lasting.

No sweetheart was ever paid higher compliment in song than was bestowed upon Annie by Douglas. He found her the acme of perfection in every way, and it seems a pity that so ardent a lover was unable to have his affections reciprocated. When Annie "gave him the mitten" and went off and married Alexander Ferguson, it is not noted whether Douglas continued to believe she possessed all the charms he had ascribed to her, for he was no doubt an impetuous young lover, and either "counted his chickens before they were hatched" when he says that Annie "gi'ed me her promise true," or it may be that Annie was fickle.

But then it must be remembered that the verses, as we sing them today, were not exactly as Douglas wrote them, for he found ample space in two verses to describe all of Annie's charms, as follows:

Maxwelton's banks are bonnie,
They're a' clad owre wi' dew,
Where I an' Annie Laurie
Made up the bargain true,
Made up the bargain true,
Which ne'er forgot shall be;
An' for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down an' dee.

She's backit like the peacock,
She's breistit like the swan,
She's jimp about the middle,
Her waist ye weel micht span,
Her waist ye weel micht span,
An' she has rolling e'e;
An' for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down an' dee.

Who wrote the third verse is not known, but it is as much of a favorite as the other two, and no lover of the song would willingly dispense with it.

For a long time it was supposed that "Annie Laurie" was a creature of the song-writer's fancy, but this is not true, for Annie actually existed. She was born at Maxwelton House, and in the heart of the most pastorally lovely of Scottish shrines—Dumfries. Her father was Sir Robert Laurie, who was first baronet, and her mother was Jaen Riddell. Her father gives the date of her birth as December 16, 1682.

Maxwelton House was a turreted building, and was originally the castle of the Earls of Glencairn, but the founder of the Laurie family purchased it in 1611. Although the original house was partly destroyed by fire, it was later rebuilt, and to-day, in one of the living rooms, hangs a portrait of the heroine of the song. The picture shows her hair to be a dark brown, and her eyes of a still deeper hue, in spite of the fact that the writer of the song speaks of her "dark blue e'e."

As the story goes, Douglas, of Fingall, was deeply in love with Annie, but she rather preferred the youthful face, the dark eyes, and curling hair, of Alexander Ferguson, who won her, and Douglas' beautiful sentiment of Annie was lost on the highland lassie. Douglas was a somewhat near neighbor of Annie, as Fingall is practically an adjoining parish to her home.

The music of the song is considerably more modern than the words, and was composed by Lady John Scott. The composer was only guessed at for many years, but later Lady Scott acknowledged the authorship.

Maxwelton House is white and is built around three sides of a sunny court. Over the entrance door of the tower are inserted two marriage stones, those of Annie's father and mother, and of her grandfather and grandmother. They are about two feet square. The initials of the bride and bridegroom and the date of the marriage are cut upon them, together with the family coat of arms, which bears, among other heraldic devices, two laurel leaves and the motto, "Virtus semper viridis." Below the grandfather's marriage stone is cut in the lintel the following:

"Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it."

Annie was married when she was twenty-eight years of age. The Fergusons are a much older family, as families are reckoned, than the Lauries, and their home stood about five miles distant from Maxwelton. The Ferguson family still occupy Craigdarrock.

Sir Robert Laurie, Annie's father was a bitter enemy of the Covenanters and the Fergusons were stanch Covenanters, and Annie, if we may judge from her marriage, must have been skillful enough to effect a compromise, for it is said that she worshiped with her husband in the old parish kirk, which was burned only a little more than fifty years ago, the gables of which are still standing.

The Laurie and Ferguson families are buried in a little kirkyard near their old homes. A ponderous monument marks the grave of Annie's grandfather, but the burial place of the Fergusons is singularly lacking in early monuments, and no stone marks the place of Annie's rest.

At Craigdarrock House is kept Annie's will, which reads as follows:

"I, Annie Laurie, spouse to Alexander Fergusone, of Craigdarrock, Forasmuch as I considering it a devotie upon everie persone whyle they are in health and sound judgment so to settle yr. worldly affairs that yrby all animosities betwixt friend and relatives may obviate and also for the singular love and respect I have for the said Alex. Fergusone, in case he survive me I do hereby make my letter will as follows:

"First, I recommend my soul to God, hoping by the meritorious righteousness of Jesus Christ to be saved; secondly, I recommend my body be decently and orderly interred; and in the third plaice nominate and appoynt the sd. Alexr. Fergusone to be my sole and only executor, legator, and universall intromettor with my hail goods, gear, debts, and soums of money that shall pertain and belong to me the tyme of my decease, or shall be dew to me by bill, bond, or oyrway; with power to him to obtain himself confirmed and decreed exr. to me and to do everie thing for fixing and establishing the right off my spouse in his person as law requires; in witness whereof their putts (written by John Wilsone off Chapell in Dumfries) are subd. by me at Craigdarrock the twenty-eighth day of Apryle, 1711, before the witnesses the sd. John Wilsone and John Nicholsone his servitor."

Lady Scott, who composed the music, was closely related to the late Gen. Waushope, who was killed in battle by the Boers, in 1900. She was a great upholder of, and encouraged the observance of old manners and customs. She was also a liberal benefactor of the poor, maintained a meal mill as a relic of old times, and was a golden link connecting the past with the present.

Perhaps the manner in which the sentiment of Annie Laurie has been universally accepted as a personal expression by other men, is best illustrated in Bayard Taylor's famous "Song of the Camp," the first five stanzas of which are printed:

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

It is a strange fashion which commends us to wear long sleeves in hot weather and short ones at a season when the arms need protection, and I have heard of several women with liberal allowances who have quietly ignored the orders and been comfortable all the summer in elbow sleeves. Now they are having their fall and winter sleeves made to reach far down on the hand in the pretty fashion that transforms ugly hands.

* * * *

Clever is the woman who knows by instinct what is most becoming to face and figure—wise is the woman who attempts to learn it by hard study. Women of wealth achieve distinction by adopting and clinging to fashions which become them. If a large hat happens to be in the list small hats are ignored. If the arms fall below the standard of beauty they are shielded from criticism as is a long neck. It is hard on the public to compel it to gaze upon a collection of neck bones, back and front, when they might be cleverly veiled and softened by tulle.

* * * *

Ugliness is not always a necessity—total ugliness is very rare. Generally an unattractive feature can be obscured by "playing up" a good point. Fine teeth will redeem the plainest face, as will beautiful eyes. A tip-tilted nose can almost be subjugated by a clever arrangement of hair and headgear. A long neck can be attractively dressed with high collars, and a short one be made adorable by flat collars and Dutch effects.

* * * *

There are women who attain distinction by a low coiffure and lose it by piling the hair at the crown of the head. One stage beauty has never disclosed the fact that she has the regulation pair of ears, and she has been taunted so often with deformity in that quarter that her persistence in an original coiffure, which completely conceals the ears, is all the more surprising. She has been copied, but not with marked success save in a few instances. Yesterday I met a woman whom I thought I had never seen before, and she proved to be an acquaintance of no particular good looks.

* * * *

She had parted her hair over a wide brow and coiled it low on her neck with a handsome comb, and the effect was superb. She had been converted into a handsome woman without knowing it, for she does not mean to make the style permanent. You see she is not clever or vain, and so will miss an opportunity to escape from the army of mediocrity. With that fashion of hair dressing she need not mind much about what she wears.

BETTY BRADEEN.

Buttons of all kinds and sizes will be used, those covered with the material of the gown will perhaps be given greater preference. Satin and heavy Ottoman silk buttons will be in good style and for tweed and worsteds wooden and bone buttons will be correct.